



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN NEUL %

23492.15.8.15

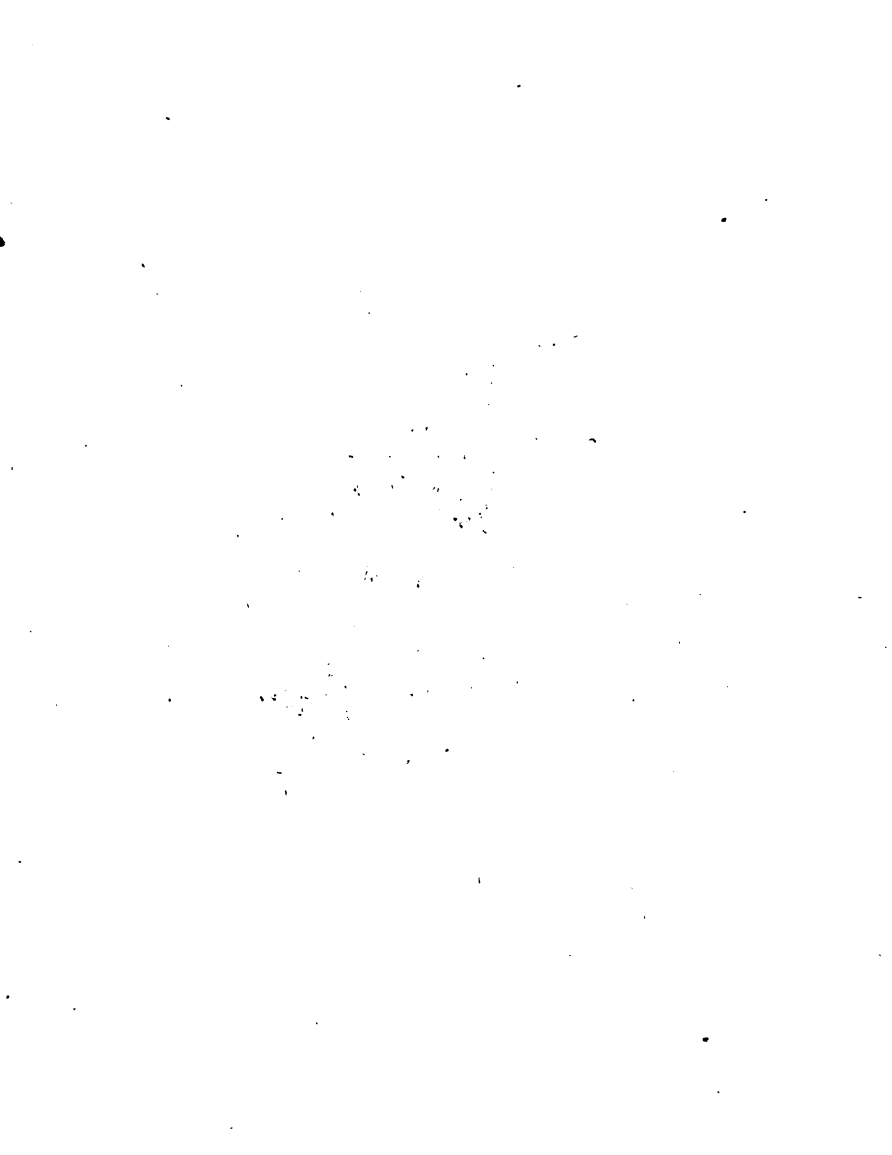
Harvard College Library

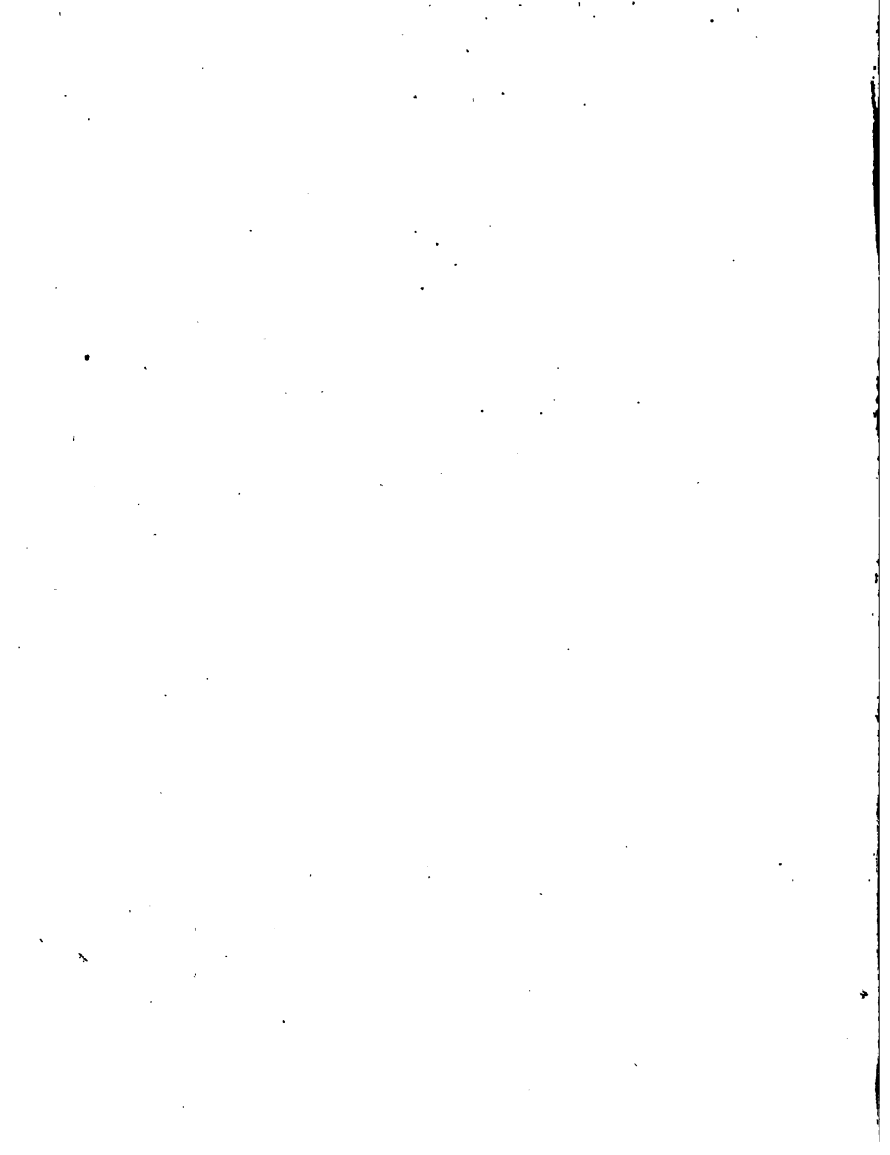


BOUGHT FROM GIFTS  
FOR THE PURCHASE OF ENGLISH  
HISTORY AND LITERATURE

---

"SUBSCRIPTION OF 1916"





Sounds and Sweet Airs  
By John Todhunter



LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

# The Vigo Cabinet Series

*An Unusual Miscellany of Poems and Prose*

Hard Times. One Binding, red, with Yell.

No. 1. THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY AND OTHER LYRICS  
OF THE YEARS 1890-1902. By the late HARRY  
KALIN, the author of *Twenty Years' Reminiscences*.  
Yale.

No. 2. HOME IN WARM TIME. Poems by HENRY DUNN.  
Edited and Introduced by WILLIAM H. HUMPHREY.

No. 3. SCIENCE APPRAISED AND OTHER POEMS  
By T. BARNES WALKER.

No. 4. SEA VERBS. By GUY J. BARNES.

No. 5. HAROLD THE SAXON, AND OTHER VERBS  
By THOMAS CRAY. Author of *Yarns for  
Hobby-Horses*.

No. 6. THE CIVIL SERVANT. Poems and prose  
from HAROLD DE CHAMBERLAIN. Edited and Intro-  
duced by WILLIAM H. HUMPHREY.

No. 7. WITH THE HAWKES, AND OTHER LYRICS  
By THOMAS WILLIAM CRAY. [First Edition]

No. 8. QUALITY INQUIRY: LYRICAL VERBS. Edited  
and Introduced by H. H. HUMPHREY.

No. 9. THE CIVIL SERVANT. LYRICS AND OTHER VERBS  
By WILLIAM WALKER. [First Edition]

No. 10. THE CIVIL SERVANT. LYRICS. By WILLIAM WALKER.

SOUNDS AND SWEET AIRS



TO MY WIFE  
IN MEMORY OF NOVEMBER 12TH  
1879

# SOUNDS AND SWEET AIRS

BY

JOHN TODHUNTER

*—laudatus abunde,  
Non fastiditus si tibi lector ero*  
OVID.

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1905

23492.15.8.15

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY**

**SEP 27 1917**

**SUBSCRIPTION OF 1916**

## NOTE.

THESE poems are not meant to be paraphrases in verse of the music that suggested them. They are merely records of a listener's moods, phantasies inspired by the emotional spirit of each composition.

Some of them have already been published: *In a Gondola*, in the "Cornhill," while Thackeray still bound up the sheaves; *A Chest of Viols*, in "The Londoner"; *Irish Melodies*, in the "Monthly"; *Chopin's Nocturnes*, in the "Fortnightly"; and I thank the Editors of these periodicals for permission to reprint. *Lonely Flowers*, *Forest Mystery*, and *The Marseillaise* were included in my own volume, "Forest Songs"; *To Rossini*, in my "Laurella, and other Poems." The others are new.

The poems on "Forest Scenes" were written under a strong impression that Schumann had a deeper intention in composing some pieces in the series than the titles suggest; and, at my request, a friend of Madame Schumann asked her whether this impression was well-founded. She said that it was quite in accord with Schumann's own conception. He then inquired more definitely whether

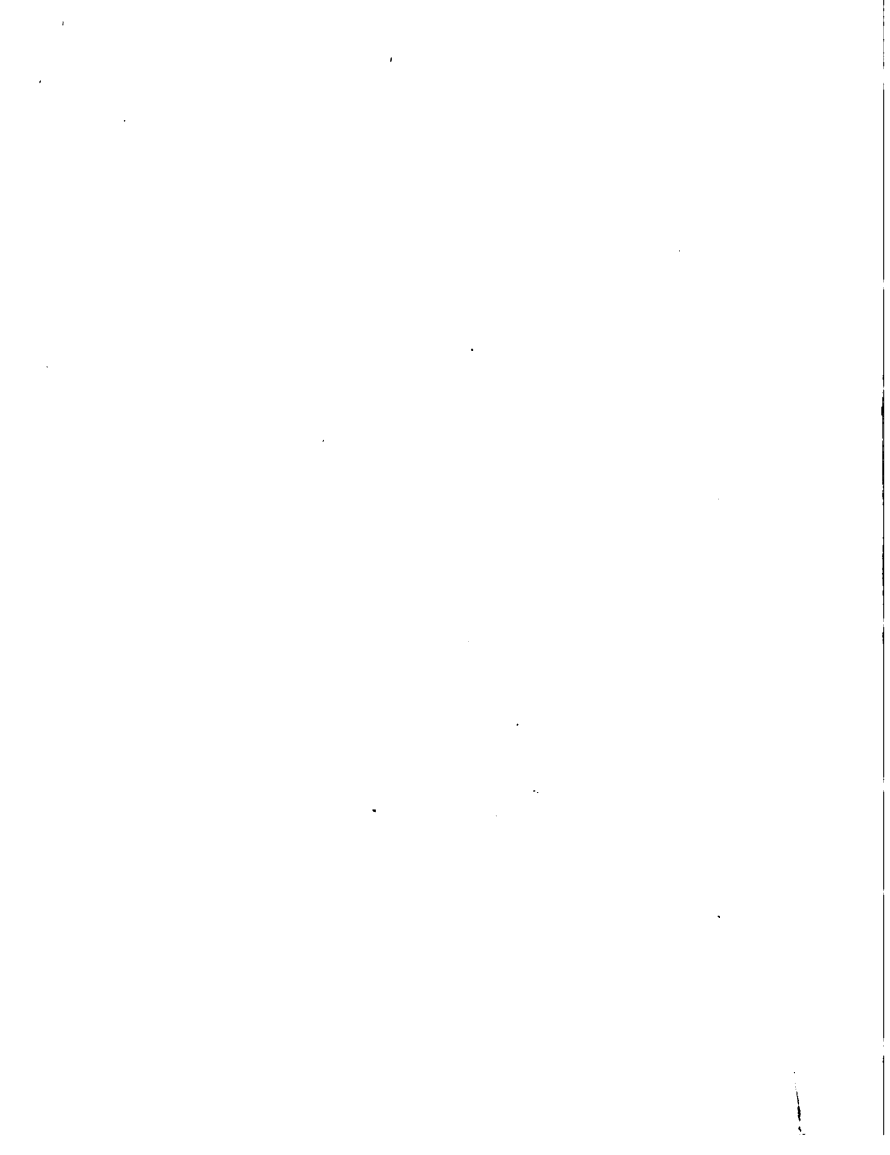
## NOTE

*Vogel als Profet* meant simply a bird of good or evil omen for the hunter's chances of sport. "O no!" she replied, "something sad, foreboding—the idea of a murder in some lonely part of the forest. When Rubinstein plays it he only gives the idea of a bird flying merrily up and down; but that is not right, or as *I* feel it."

The instrument used by the goatherd, whose playing suggested the poem entitled *A Pastoral Pipe*, was not the south Italian bag-pipe, but the short boxwood bell-pipe, in which the notes are produced by the finger in the bell—the pipe which Picco made famous by his brilliant performances many years ago.

## Contents

	PAGE
A Chest of Viols . . . . .	9
On First Hearing Handel's Messiah . . . . .	13
A Song of Cesti. . . . .	21
The Harpsichord . . . . .	25
Irish Melodies . . . . .	32
Schubert's Trio in E flat Major. . . . .	34
To Rossini. . . . .	41
Schumann's "Forest Scenes" . . . . .	42
Chopin's Nocturnes . . . . .	50
To Elodie . . . . .	56
In a Gondola . . . . .	59
The Marseillaise. . . . .	68
The Wounded Tristram . . . . .	69
A Pastoral Pipe. . . . .	72
Tchaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathetique" . . . . .	76
Dvůřák's "Dumky" Trio . . . . .	81
Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata". . . . .	86



## A Chest of Viols

*Inscribed to Arnold Dolmetsch.*

OLD music, and old instruments—and O  
The harmony they make,  
As touched by Music's magian wand, the bow,  
One after one they wake,  
Voice after voice, as sister answers brother,  
Answering each other.  
Sedately as the Muses on their lawn,  
Under the pines of Helicon !

A Chest of Viols, every one the dream  
Of some old craftsman's heart ;



## A CHEST OF VIOLS

And each a well-trimmed argosy doth seem,  
Planned by his careful art  
Her burden rich to bear of mellow sound  
From the profound  
Valleys of that lone land where Music dwells  
Beside delight's most hidden wells.

Hush ! for her breast athrill, *Treble* proposes  
The theme, so sweet, so rare,  
It seems an odour breathed from Herrick's roses ;  
Then, as in love's despair,  
Grave *Tenor* in his amber voice replies,  
With tenderer sighs  
*Alto* complains, in resonant barytone,  
*Viol'-da-Gamba* mocks her moan.

Together now, now one the other leads,  
Like nightingales in May;

## A CHEST OF VIOLS

Their conversation no harsh discord breeds,  
So sweet the words they say,  
And, though all speak together, every word  
Is richly heard ;  
Naught rude, obscure, blatant, or out of joint,  
Marring the courtly counterpoint.

Singing or silent, each knows well his place  
And speaks in his own fashion,  
None lords it o'er his fellows, but with grace  
Discourses of his passion ;  
Each in melodious descant on the air,  
Forgets his care.

They play like swallows courting on the wing,  
Pursuing, meeting, sundering.

O rare old music, brave old instruments,  
And quaint Old Master's writing,

## A CHEST OF VIOLS

Whose art in that severe old style invents

New methods of delighting !

Here harmony waits on fair melody

Most sisterly,

And nobler, kindlier, lovelier music, none

Hath ripened under English sun.

'Tis gentle, sane, heart-easing ravishment,

Brooding on strains like this,

To sit ensphered in a divine content,

As one, grown young in bliss,

Upon a bank tree-shadowed, by a stream

Will dream and dream,

Letting thought's flock stray with each piping  
mood,

Cloistered in sylvan solitude.

## On First Hearing Handel's Messiah.

*Inscribed to the Memory of Sir Robert P. Stuart,  
Mus. Doc.*

WHAT grace had come to me? I was to hear  
The first great music that I ever heard;  
The name of Handel woke my inward ear  
With summoning thunders. Music!—that  
siren word  
Called me, as the far voice of the unknown sea  
The new-fledged sea-bird; shone like the  
mystic star  
That once to Bethlehem led young Balthazar;  
My eager heart beat with adventurous glee,  
Expecting some new glorious avatar.

ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

And when from noisy traffic of the street  
    Into the grey cathedral vast and dim,  
Leaving life's festering ways, I turned my feet,  
    I felt the wings of silent seraphim  
O'ershadow me as I entered there, and stood  
    Mid the hushed crowd as for a miracle  
Waiting. Phantoms they seemed, myself as  
        well,  
When in that silence, thronged like solitude  
    With unseen powers, awe on my spirit fell.

Then gloriously, as through night's gloom  
        profound  
    Soar the light-shedding plumes of day new-born,  
Silence was quickened with majestic sound ;  
    The organ, heralding redemption's morn,  
Prophesied in that divine primæval tongue

ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

Men caught from angels, ere on Shinar's plain  
Confusion fell on Babel, and now again  
Heard, as though Morning Stars o'er earth made  
    young  
Breathed from sweet flutes a glad prelusive  
    strain.

And then a voice I heard, falling like dew  
    Of consolation gently out of heaven,  
Say : "Comfort ye my people !" and renew  
    Promise of blessing and peace, with sin  
    forgiven.

It ceased. Once more the billowing organ pealed ;  
    Like angels hovering o'er a sunlit sea  
    Voices that shone proclaimed exultingly :  
"The Glory of the Lord shall be revealed !"  
    I was exalted in that ecstasy.

ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

I stood in heaven. Like an illumined scroll  
Wherein each word upsoared a singing flame,  
I saw the Epic of the World unroll ;  
Old Scriptures holy with the anointed Name  
Burst into song. As grey o'erwintered trees,  
Their buds within them dumb, sleep till the  
Spring  
Calls, and each leaf awakes, a living thing,  
Even so these words, embalming mysteries,  
Awoke from sleep new born, to shine and sing.

Like mounting larks, glad minstrels of the morn,  
The Sons of Joy leaped from earth's kindling  
sod,  
Singing : " For unto us a Child is born,  
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,  
The Prince of Peace !" In golden thunders rang

ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

The rapturous fugue to heaven, from deep to  
deep

Echoing those mighty words, that seemed to  
sweep

Through holier heights the seraphs as they sang,  
Till peace hushed the sick world like healing  
sleep.

The peace of God ; for in man's desolate soul

God came to dwell. Peace like a canopy

Folded the shepherds when divinely stole

Through the still night the Pastoral Symphony,  
And heavenly children sang the Saviour's birth.

Then suddenly flaming wings throbbed in the  
air

Like summer lightning : all heaven's host  
was there :



ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on  
earth,  
Good will toward men!" So sang those  
heralds fair.

O Son of Man, sad earth's rejected King,  
Light of the World, still blindly seeking  
light,  
Who first made holiness a human thing,  
Did man but dream thy coming? Shall  
endless night  
Mock us with hope? Did he who touched  
with fire  
Isaiah's lips move in these blinder days  
This glorious Bard vainly to hymn thy praise?  
Or did the Spirit of Truth indeed inspire  
This Prophet, walking in God's ancient ways?

ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

Answering from heaven, the music seemed to fall

In benediction on all things opprest,

Proclaiming still that Shepherd come to call

His wandering sheep, and give the weary rest;

Till, with : " His yoke is easy," tranquilly

The Book of Peace closed, and I heard no  
more

The tasks of Time claimed me. Yet still I  
bore

Peace in my soul, as from a sanctuary

The blessed wine a cup ne'er filled before.

As though a prophet's vision I had seen

I went my way. The gracious tenderness

Of that great music from the realm serene

Where dwell the mightiest spirits had come to  
bless

ON FIRST HEARING HANDEL'S MESSIAH

My spirit for ever with a sane delight.

I had heard the angels sing ; and from that hour

Their songs awake at Handel's word of power,  
Like ocean's voice for majesty and might,

In beauty perfect as a lily's flower.

## A Song of Cesti.

*Inscribed to Florence Campbell Perugini.*

THIS claims rare singing—is a song indeed,  
Born when love-making was a gentle art  
    To win a lady's heart  
With delicate music, ever beauty's meed  
    When love and song lived not apart,  
    And the sad lover eased his pain  
Pleading for grace in such a deftly-fashioned strain.

How lovingly this old Venetian air  
Caresses the quaint words, how plaintively  
    The minors of the key

## A SONG OF CESTI

Sigh with the singer, as in lone despair  
He sends on courteous embassy  
The winds his Lady's cheek to kiss,  
And prays the spirits of love to bring her dreams  
of bliss !

Love in your Venice was a grave romance,  
Cesti, when you made music, and your song  
Bears the skilled voice along,  
As o'er the rippling waters once perchance  
His gondola, gliding among  
Dim palaces, a lover true,  
Your theme taught with fine craft his mistress  
how to woo.

O *Padre*, did you dream some damsel fair  
Would from her balcony, as Juliet might,

## A SONG OF CESTI

Lean into the rich night,  
A flame of red pomegranate in her hair,  
Her lover's homage to requite  
With guerdon of a glance, a flower,  
Your song might win for him in love's enchanted  
hour ?

I know not ; but your stately serenade  
Sighs with faint memories of the life men led  
In those old days long fled,  
When music was in springtime, undecayed  
Your palaces, ghosts of the dead  
Inhabit now, when time and change  
Sweep the old world away, and even our thoughts  
grow strange.

Would I might pledge you once in golden wine  
Of Cyprus, while your music charmed the moon,

A SONG OF CESTI

And thank you for that boon  
In your own tongue, praise you in rhythm  
divine  
Of stanzas perfect as your tune !  
But ah ! you daunt me with the spell  
Breathed by delightful things done exquisitely  
well.

## The Harpsichord.

*Inscribed to Violet Gordon Woodhouse.*

THIS music-room itself is harmony,  
Designed when still the clear-eyed Graces came  
To watch the Master-BUILDER, dexterously  
Prompting his hand harmonious lines to frame ;  
And all it holds is beautiful, and sings  
In mellow modulations from the key :  
You feel the quiet presence of old things  
That charm, yet make no claim.

It is a pleasant room, welcoming you  
With stately air of courtesy antique,  
Yet with a touch of homelier kindness too  
Seeming of our less formal age to speak ;



## THE HARPSICHORD

A room where you may sit in cosy nooks,  
Sweet with well-tended flowers, and turn a few  
Melodious pages of old music-books,  
From shelves not far to seek.

There stands the cherished Harpsichord—the  
shrine

Wherein some frail ghost of old music dwells,  
Brooding in trance over its youth divine,  
Like ocean's voice asleep in caverned shells ;  
That woodwork breathes the balm of old repose,  
The wearied eye rests in each gracious line :  
It seems to whisper memories of old Beaux  
Long vanished, and their Belles.

Perhaps young Purcell made the strings complain  
With Dido's passion, when, as o'er strange seas

## THE HARPSICHORD

Voyaging, he won for England glorious gain  
From lands yet virgin ; or on those mute keys  
May Arne have led the courtly minuet,  
When by soft lanterns' light the sighing Swain  
And cruel Nymph, Strephon and Chloe, met  
Under the Vauxhall trees.

Perhaps— ? But here the Lady of the Place,  
The fair enchantress of this Home of Dreams,  
Comes with all music's mystery in her face,  
And visionary light around her gleams  
From those unhurrying days when Music still  
Tript her blithe measures with a high-born grace,  
And voice and instrument with daintiest skill  
Carolled her tuneful themes.

Now Silence, bend thy ever-listening ear,  
For Music wakes, and sighs prelusively ;

## THE HARPSICORD

All things that love sweet sounds, wake when  
they hear

Prediction of their solace in her sigh.

The jacks, obedient to their Lady's hand,  
Leap at her summons ; mightiest spirits draw  
near—

Listening the dead Old Masters round her stand,  
A ghostly company.

Whom will she choose ? Stern Bach smiles  
gravely now,

Flattered to find precedence in her choice,  
It smooths the austerest wrinkles on his brow  
To hear his own renown-embalmèd voice  
Upsoar like dawn's first lark, yet with the wings  
Of the untiring eagle. Praised be thou,  
Great Master, who at music's deepest springs  
Mad'st men drink and rejoice !

## THE HARPSICORD

O passionate rigour, clear intricacy  
Of melodies weaving delight a bower,  
Victorious tactic of a branching tree  
Seeking the sun, with beauty for its dower !  
A primrose on a rock, tenderness here  
Smiles in the lap of grim austerity.  
The seed of all we welcome year by year  
Slept in this perfect flower.

The strenuous incantation soars away  
Into dumb space ; the ardent South succeeds  
The earnest North. Scarlatti's breezy sway  
Wakens the nymph's voice in the sighing reeds ;  
The busy strings buzz like Hyblæan bees,  
Sicilian shepherds, making holiday,  
Pipe while their flocks rest by great olive-trees,  
Or crop the thymy meads.

## THE HARPSICHORD

Now golden Summer follows herald Spring,  
And what rich heart throbs in each trembling  
wire ?

What nightingale doth so divinely sing,  
What mystic rose this passion could inspire ?  
It is the love-led prince who woke from sleep  
Beauty, Mozart, whom Death struck ere her king  
Music had crowned him, leaving her to weep  
Her ne'er appeased desire.

Here to himself he sings—a child who roves  
Rejoicing in the meadows of sweet sound,  
With amorous litanies for all he loves,  
When life's young buds are bursting all around ;  
We hear, and walk with him in glad surprise,  
Each common flower mysterious rapture moves,  
Fresh with the dews of that lost Paradise,  
Childhood's enchanted ground.

### THE HARPSICHORD

The Harpsichord breathes like a wilding rose,  
Enamoured of her tenant bird, who stays  
But while he sings, then from her branches goes ;  
And I, like her, desolate many days,  
Must mourn the joy flown with those flying  
fingers,  
When the lorn strings they left in sad repose ;  
Yet echoing still the truant music lingers  
In memory's woodland ways.

## Irish Melodies.

*Inscribed to the Memory of Catherine Hayes.*

A VOICE beside the dim enchanted river,  
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees  
Hear Shannon's Druid waters chant for ever  
Tales of dead Kings and Bards and Shanachies;  
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing  
Old songs beside the legendary stream;  
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,  
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of  
Dream.

The flagger-leaves whereon shy dew-drops glisten  
Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,

## IRISH MELODIES

The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,  
Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around ;  
And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,  
Thrushlike she sings, and lets her voice go free,  
Her soul of all its hidden longing shriven  
Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,  
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrow  
seems,  
The passionate cry of countless generations  
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and  
dreams.

No more, sad voice ; for now the dawn is breaking  
Through the long night, through Ireland's  
night of tears,  
New songs wake in the morn of her awaking  
From the enchantment of nine hundred years.



## Schubert's Trio in E♭ Major.

*Ay, in the very Temple of Delight*

*Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine."*

—KEATS.

*Inscribed to Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, Mrs.  
Carpenter, and Señor Rubio.*

### L

#### A PRELUDE.

IN what remotest glades of phantasy

Were these rich tones first heard? What  
sunburnt race,

Shepherds of some diviner Arcady,

Found for these measures a green dancing-  
place?

From what untrodden region of delight

SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN E♭ MAJOR

Where Keats might muse, Giorgione lie at ease  
Long visionary hours, his brush cast by,  
Did Schubert, Music's loneliest eremite,  
Bear in his heart melodious flowers like these  
Unfading roses that superbly sigh ?

O sounds that float like odours in the air  
When flowers rejoice in sunshine and fresh dew!  
Old Pan finds now more mystical and rare  
Voices for his dumb passion than when he drew  
Sighs from soft reeds. White naiads of the streams  
Laugh in these rippling keys, and mourn anon ;  
The violin, a bird all air and fire,  
Soars ; the deep viol remembers earth's lost dreams:  
The god's unslumbering woe breathes in each  
tone,  
And wakes in every heart its own desire.

SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN *E♭* MAJOR

II.

THE TRIO.

Here, to brisk pastoral measures moving now,  
Through happy lawns isled in the greenwood  
shade,  
Come, with fresh-gathered chaplets on each brow,  
Many a brown shepherd, many a lovely maid ;  
Yet all around mysterious voices call,  
Mysterious wings are hovering in the air,  
Strange presences felt in the dryad's home ;  
For Life and Death meet at Love's festival ;  
Sorrow and Joy with mingled rites prepare  
His woodland mysteries, as these dancers  
come.

But here the sun sheds golden afternoon  
Through forest-places, haunts of innocent glee,

SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN E $\flat$  MAJOR

Therefore, with feet by that compelling tune

Inspired, dance on, glad lovers ! What reck ye  
Though Death and Sorrow, while Time's hour-  
glass runs,

Threaten like snakes among the whispering  
leaves ?

Where Love walks robed and crowned, what  
should Youth fear ?

Dance then, till graver thoughts wake at the sun's  
Farewell, and the faint sigh pale twilight heaves  
Lulls every flower, as the shy stars appear.

Now 'tis Love's hour ; his spirit, the nightingale,  
Immortal in this music, sings again

As in the old forest of that Venetian tale,

Where to the piping Shepherd's lonely strain  
Love lent his voice, and with sad melody

SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN *E♭* MAJOR

Made weep the enamoured Princess. Now  
the moon

Of mystery gleams through dusk ambrosial  
trees,

And with her spell sets prisoned rapture free,  
And every heart beats to the rapturous tune  
Of Love's own bird, in secret ecstasies.

Strange incantation ! Answering that lone voice,

From earth to heaven tumultuous harmony  
Soaring, awakes the demons who rejoice

In storm and tempest, and wild battle's glee.  
The Arcadian gods leap from their forest lair  
To the old unending fight, fought long ago,  
To mournful chords, they march with slow  
stern tread ;

The Nameless Ones, whose magic plagues the air,

SCHÜBERT'S TRIO IN *E♭* MAJOR

Yield like rent clouds when the Moon bends  
her bow,  
And Joy, still trembling, lifts his cowering  
head.

But what blithe notes are these? No mortal mirth  
So finely blends with the vast sounds of night ;  
It is the happy spirits of the earth  
Who hold mad revel here in Fate's despite,  
The eager Fauns and gentle Dryads here  
Are dancing recklessly in frolic mood,  
Votaries of genial Pan, the Moon, and Love,  
Whose mingled music charms Night's listening  
ear ;  
While the rapt bird sits dumb, then from yon  
wood  
Repeats her lone cry to the stars above.

SCHUBERT'S TRIO IN *E♭* MAJOR

Nay, 'twas no timorous nightingale we heard :

When that bird sings the answering tempest  
sweeps

Over the earth intent upon some word

Heard in the storm, and sounding from the  
deeps.

Life's nightmare flies with all her spectral train,

The Fauns are dancing still; like warriors bold

The Shepherds march as from a glorious field,

Night in her majesty appears again ;

The passion of the tale Music hath told

Ends now in triumph. Sorrow's heart is  
healed.

## To Rossini.

THE ghostly wind of Weber's northern pines,  
With its luxurious dread ne'er haunted thee ;  
Maddening the heart like bright Circæan wines,  
Thy siren songs float o'er the sunlit sea ;  
Thy faunlike childhood caught a pagan glee  
From mellow clusters, bending trellised vines,  
In some warm Umbrian vale where sunset shines  
On vintage dance and jocund minstrelsy.  
If life were all a bacchanal procession  
Of sensuous joys, thou wert its great high priest,  
Old Pan of music, who, half god, half beast,  
On the shy nymph of tears mad'st bold  
    aggression ;  
Yet in thy bowers we sit at endless feast,  
And of thy sumptuous realm take rich possession.



## Schumann's "Forest Scenes."

*"Forests and enchantments dream  
Where more is meant than meets the ear."*

### I.

#### THE HUNTER'S QUEST.

ENTER the haunted Forest ! Here Music weaves  
The web of life. Among the trembling leaves  
A sense of things unseen, a spectral fear  
Lurks for the venturous Hunter straying here,  
Till the fantastic form of every tree  
Looms like a threatening spectre, ominously.

Enter the lonely Forest ! Music here  
Lures with her hovering spells, till that grey fear

## SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

Grows a familiar presence, and enthralls  
The Wanderer, like the ecstatic dread which falls  
On one who, come to a witch's haunt by night,  
Awaits the hour of some dark perilous rite.

Enter the gloomy Forest ! Music here  
Makes of each glimmering pool a magic mere  
In an enchanter's land, where night and day  
Mingle their powers, and every woodland way,  
Whispering of mystery, tempts the Seeker's feet  
To chase the thing he fears, yet longs, to meet.

Enter the dolorous Forest ! Music here  
With shuddering voice chants in the Venturer's ear  
Of passion crowned with horror.—A dreary strain  
Flits like a spectre through this glade of pain,  
The ghastly discords of whose lingering moan  
Crisp with a tragic awe life's undertone.

## SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

### II.

#### LONELY FLOWERS.

LONELY in the light of morning,  
In the Forest's gladed stillness,  
Exiled from the flowery meadows,  
Trembling stand three delicate hairbells.

Pale, forsaken of your kindred,  
Wherefore, like estrays of azure  
Lured by forest pools from heaven,  
Lurk ye here, ye tremulous hairbells.

In the footsteps of the morning,  
Lonely wandering in the wildwood,  
I alone have seen the vision  
Of your solitary beauty.

SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

And I know not why ye haunt me  
Like familiar things, yet strangely,  
With dim ghostly sense of strangeness,  
Mystify the shadowy woodland.

In the footsteps of the morning,  
Through forgotten fields of dreamland  
Wandering, have my lonely footsteps  
Found, long since, this virgin stillness ?

May these dew-dimmed branches know me ?  
Or these crags and shadowy places ?  
What embalmed enchantment breathe I,  
That enraptures and affrights me ?

Witchlike, sphinxlike, dumb for ever,  
Hang their heads those desolate hairbells ;  
What mysterious past concealing,  
What mysterious fate foreboding ?

## SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

### III.

#### FOREST MYSTERY.

DEEP within the haunted Forest  
Lies a plot of gladed stillness,  
Secret as a maiden's longing,  
Sweet as lovers' vows new-whispered.

Rarely mortal foot may find it,  
Rarely mortal eye behold it ;  
None can tell if Autumn bleaken,  
Winter waste, or Spring restore it.

Only when, with sunny tresses,  
Blue-eyed June flies through the Forest,  
Breathing love, its ominous vision  
Scares the solitary hunter.

## SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

Woe betide the happy lover  
Who with fated foot shall find it !  
Woe betide the ill-starred lover  
Whose o'er hardy eye behold it !



Lovelier glade wind ne'er o'erwandered,  
And the sunbeams and the moonbeams,  
Through the woodbine and wild roses  
Glimmering, make all sweet things sweeter.

But from rank rich lilacs, blooming  
All forlorn in that wild Forest,  
Wafts of heavy perfume floating  
Fill the soul with bodeful dreaming.

And the wind comes whispering, sighing,  
Through dark cypresses that strangely

SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

Haunt the woods with alien presence,  
Gloomily gazing till you shudder ;

And, deep-hid in tangled roses,  
Lurks a nightingale, and warbles  
All day long and all night long there,  
Sings of longing and foreboding.

For the blood of murdered lovers  
At the root lies of the lilacs,  
And the cypresses are waving  
O'er the grave of murdered lovers.



O ye cypresses and lilacs,  
Mysteries of the lonely wild wood,  
I, the solitary hunter,  
Come with fated feet to find you !

SCHUMANN'S "FOREST SCENES"

Tell me, with the wind conspiring,  
What dread thing of me ye whisper ?  
What dares yet my fate more bitter ?  
What new woe can ye foretell me ?

O thou nightingale that singest  
All day long and all night long there,  
I, the ill-starred happy lover,  
I alone have found thy covert.

Tell me what sad song thou singest :  
Wherefore should its warbling chill me  
With its longing and foreboding—  
With its longing—its foreboding ?



## Chopin's Nocturnes.

*"Where music and moonlight and feeling are one."*

*Inscribed to a Fair Sibyl.*

### I.

#### HIS INSTRUMENT.

MUSIC's coy maiden waited her musician,  
Her heart the dungeon of her sweetest words,  
Dumb as all hearts ere Love, the young magician,  
Charms them to flame like flowers and sing  
like birds ;  
Till one fine Spirit at last wooed like a lover  
The cold virginity of these white keys,  
And bade these trembling strings discover  
Their secret exquisite reveries.

## CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES

### II.

#### MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

Shut out the world ! No sense of its mad care,  
Its din and sordid strife mar night's rich gloom,  
Or with a memory trouble the delicate air  
Of this one room, your own—of this one room  
Your heart has made its treasury of things  
rare.

There sigh your gathered roses, red and white,  
And by yon casement, in one symphony  
Of odours breathed on the warm air of night,  
Verbenaz, and mignonette, and rosemary,  
And myrtle prelude some delicious rite.

No need for candles when voluptuous June  
Makes night one long twilight of stars and  
clouds,

## CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES

And o'er your garden trees the royal moon  
Tames with her splendour her bright courtier  
crowds,  
And all things tremble as to a nocturne's  
tune.

Ah ! give their passion utterance, key by key !  
To your proud roses oft you have played alone ;  
To-night for no proud roses, but for me  
You shall set music on her silver throne,  
Though every rose should fade for jealousy.

They shall not fade ; but from old Omar's tomb  
Faintly their Persian sisters' breath divine  
Shall, as you play, float to me through the gloom,  
And East and West, as in one mystic wine,  
Mingle their spirits in music and perfume.

## CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES

### III.

#### THE NOCTURNES.

The music wakes and, like a potent rime,  
Charms me away to a dim land that lies  
Beyond the churlish insults of grey Time,  
And in my ear slow rippling melodies  
Whisper their legends of that golden clime.

There Love's glad child, Romance, pines not  
away,  
A frail flower withering in the winds of morn,  
And many a dream entombed in earth's cold clay  
In that enchanted land awakes re-born.  
The hours are kind and Beauty grows not  
grey.

## CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES

There the wild dæmons that in us rave and sigh—  
Pride, Love, Grief, Joy, Despair, and  
Melancholy,  
Robed for their parts in Life's high tragedy,  
Like stately knights and damsels moving  
slowly  
To music, pass in sumptuous pageant by.

Now, in a land of lakes or broad lagunes,  
By glimmering waters lovers meet and part  
In moonlit groves, or float where sunset swoons  
O'er cities like some Venice of the heart,  
Where all the air is full of languorous tunes.

And now, perchance, a daintier theme suggests  
An idyll where, with a sad smile, Watteau,  
'Mong gallants trim and ladies with white breasts,

## CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES

Paints Love, in some fantastic Fontainebleau,  
Bandyng with Pleasure melancholy jests.

Anon deep luxury of sorrow—chords  
Of gloom, grave marches that in dirges die !  
To what stern gods, passion's calm overlords,  
What magian race chants a sad litany ?  
What serene ecstasy that plaint rewards ?

No more ! Cease now, ere the moon sink away  
Beyond those elms, ere sadness 'gin to creep  
About the world's heart as the east grows grey,  
Troubling the vast solemnity of sleep,  
And we must face the light of common day.

## To Elodie.

*Singing an old English Air.*

O SING again, and let the delicate lute  
Murmur low chords responsively,  
Now hovering round the melody, now mute  
For very sympathy !  
Sing, as your spirit sings, angelically,  
And I shall hear that spirit who sings for ever  
In Dreamland's pastoral Age of Gold ;  
Like Sidney's shepherd in the Arcadian valley  
Piping by the clear brooks, as he would never  
Cease, or grow old !

O voice, of tone so pure, so rare, so sweet,  
Tender as moonlight, fresh as dew ;

TO ELODIE

O hovering lute, shy lover at watch to greet  
    The voice with homage true ;  
O song, clear draft from the old melodious river  
    Of melody—bring back those golden hours  
        When music was an art indeed ;  
When English homes had passionate hearts to  
    give her,  
And men in love with life sowed songs like  
    flowers  
    O'er life's green mead !

Sing then, sweet Singer of this later time,  
    Whose name remembers melody !  
Old Ben himself might weep to hear his rime  
    Carest so daintily :  
Weep, not as eyes weep at a tale of sorrow,  
    But as the heart weeps tears of ecstasy



TO ELODIE

When something beautiful and rare  
Surprises with delight. O, could I borrow  
A wreath from him to crown you, it should be  
Primroses fair !

## In a Gondola.

SUGGESTED BY "A SONG WITHOUT WORDS."

*"Some Venice of the heart."*

*Inscribed to William F. Grahame, M.C.S.*

IN Venice!—this night so delicious, its air  
Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of  
song,  
And quick cries, and perfume of romances  
which throng  
To my brain as I steal down this marble sea-stair,  
And my gondola comes :  
And I hear the slow, rhythmical sweep of the  
oar

IN A GONDOLA

Drawing near and more near, and the noise of  
the prow,

And the sharp sudden splash of her stoppage.

And now

I step in; we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,

As my gondola glides—

Away, past these palaces silent and dark,

Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases,  
where clings

Rank seaweed that gleams, flecked with light,  
as it swings

To the plash of the waves where they reach the  
tide-mark

On the porphyry blocks—with a song full of  
dole,

A forlorn barcarole,

As my gondola glides !

IN A GONDOLA

And the wind seems to sigh through that lattice  
rust-gnawn

A low dirge for the past—the sweet past,  
when it played

In the pearl-braided hair of some beauty, who  
stayed

But one shrinking half-minute, her mantle close-  
drawn

Round the swell of her bosom, and cheeks  
passion-pale,

Ere her lover came by, and they kissed.

“They are clay,

Those fire-hearted men with the regal pulse-play;  
They are dust!” sighs the wind with its  
whisper of wail,

“Those women snow-fair, flower-sweet, passion-  
pale !”

## IN A GONDOLA

And the waves make reply with their song  
full of dole,  
Their forlorn barcarole,  
As my gondola glides.

Dust—those lovers! But love ever lives, ever new,  
Still the same. So we shoot into bustle and  
light,  
And lamps from the festal casinos gleam bright  
On the ripples ; and here's the Rialto in view !  
And black gondolas, ghost like, slide eerily past,  
And the gondoliers cry to each other: a song  
Far away, from sweet voices in tune, dies  
along  
The waters moon-silvered. So on to the vast  
Shadowy span of an arch where the oar-echoes  
leap

## IN A GONDOLA

Through chill gloom from the marble ; then  
    moonlight once more,  
And laughter and strum of guitars from the  
    shore,  
And sonorous bass music of bells booming deep  
    From St. Mark's. Still those waves with their  
    song full of dole,  
    Their forlorn barcarole,  
    As my gondola glides !

Here the night is voluptuous with odorous sighs  
    From verandahs o'er starred with dim jessamine  
    flowers,  
    Their still scent deep-stirred by the tremulous  
    showers  
Of a Nighingale's notes, as her song swells and dies,  
    While my gondola glides.

IN A GONDOLA

Dust—those lovers ! who floated and dreamed  
long ago,

Gazed, and languished, and loved, on these  
waters—where I

Float and dream, and gaze up in the still  
summer sky,

Whence the great stars look down, as they did  
long ago ;

Where the moon seems to dream with my  
dreaming, disc-hid

In a gossamer veil of white cirrus—then breaks  
The dream spell with a pensive half-smile, as  
she wakes

To new splendour. But lo ! while I mused we  
have slid

From the open, the stir, down a lonely lane-  
way

## IN A GONDOLA

Into hush and dark shadow. Fresh scent of  
the sea

Comes cool from beyond ; a faint lamp mistily  
Hints fair shafts and quaint arches in crumbling  
decay ;

While the waves still break in with their song  
full of dole,

Their forlorn barcarole,  
As my gondola glides !

Then the silent lagune stretched away through  
the night,

And the stars, and the fairylike City behind,  
Domes and towers rising spectral and dim,  
till the mind

Is entranced in a vague subtle maze of delight ;  
And I float in a dream, lose the present—or seem



## IN A GONDOLA

To have lived it before. Then a sense of  
deep bliss

Just to breathe, to exist, in a night such as  
this—

Just to feel what I feel, drowns all else. But  
the gleam

Of the lights as we turn to the City once more,  
And the music, and clangour of bells booming  
slow—

And that vision of visions, St. Mark's, the  
star-glow

For its crown, I shall see ! The great moment  
draws near

As we glide ; and delight, like an exquisite fear,  
Lays a hand on my heart, as I step to the shore—

The Piazzetta ! My life-dream accomplished  
at last,

IN A GONDOLA

As my gondola goes :

I am here, here alone with the ghost of the past !  
But the waves still break in with their song  
full of dole,

Their forlorn barcarole,

As my gondola goes ;

And the pulse of the oar, swept through silvery  
spray,

Dies away in the gloom, dies away—dies away—

Dies away—dies away !

## The Marseillaise.

WHAT means this mighty chant, wherein the wail  
Of some intolerable woe, grown strong  
With sense of more intolerable wrong,  
Swells to a stern victorious march—a gale  
Of vengeful wrath? What mean these faces pale,  
The fierce resolve, the ecstatic pangs along  
Life's fiery ways, the demon thoughts which  
throng

The gates of awe, when these wild notes assail  
The sleeping of our souls? Hear ye no more  
Than the mad foam of revolution's leaven,  
Than a roused people's throne-o'erwhelming  
tread?

Hush! 'Tis man's spirit thundering on the shore  
Of iron fate; the tramp of Titans dread,  
Sworn to dethrone the gods unjust from heaven.

## The Wounded Tristram.

*Inscribed to the Memory of Alvary.*

HUSHED is the House ; like listening phantoms  
Charmed by that lyre forlorn, whose wild sorrow  
Stilled the waves of the River of Wailing,  
Dumb we dream, each lone by his neighbour,  
A thrilling presence, remote, a spirit.

Only music lives : the great music  
Throbs like the heart of a passion immortal,  
With a pulse of flame, with a sound overwhelming  
Sense and soul, as when ocean, thunders  
Notes of doom through the shrieking forest.

## THE WOUNDED TRISTRAM

Why should one breathe or move, sigh or whisper,  
When in the shuddering strings, the moaning,  
Murmuring wood, in the thunders indignant  
Pealed from the blaring brass, the strong music  
Agonizes, still agonizes ?

There on his couch lies the wounded Tristram ;  
Wearier that couch than the cross of a Saviour !  
Comes no sail to the straining eyeballs,  
Comes no kiss to the lips, no easing  
To the limbs, tossing vainly, vainly !

Well, thou wounded Tristram, I know thee :  
Thou art I, thy passion my passion !  
On that couch with thee lies my body,  
Hurt with a magic wound ; for its birthright  
Dealt with life by the hand that made me.

## THE WOUNDED TRISTRAM

There, in the shuddering strings, the moaning,  
Murmuring wood, in the thunders indignant  
Pealed from the tragic brass, moans my spirit,  
Desolate, weary, love-lorn, God-abandoned,  
Agonizing, still agonizing.

Ah ! for thee, o'er the seas that sunder,  
Comes at last the embrace, the moment ;  
But for me comes no sail, no succour,  
No Isolt, with her kiss to heal me,  
Even too late, o'er the seas that sunder.

## A Pastoral Pipe.

*Inscribed to the Unknown Player.*

DUMB tides have borne me to the utmost bound  
Of life's dark ocean, sleep ; where on the shore  
The drowsy billows break with wildering sound,  
And cast me, waiflike, on this world once more.  
I wake in Rome, and hear—what do I hear ?  
What voice ? What herald of dawn, summoning me  
To watch the sun o'er cold Clitumnus rise ?  
What bird, of morn's serene sad ecstasy  
Piping divinely from his covert near,  
Hails the rathe pageant of the kindling skies ?

## A PASTORAL PIPE

I reel, dazed, from oblivion's ebbing surge,  
And shake the sluggard languor from each  
sense ;

Yet still that music sounds, as I emerge  
From night's enchantment, clearer, more  
intense.

It is the goatherd's pipe : against a plane  
Faunlike he leans and plays, his resting goats  
For only audience ; tempering to his mood  
Tunes that are memories, in whose plaintive  
notes

Arcadian Pan breathes, and the lingering strain  
Of pastoral flutes in the old nymph-haunted  
wood.

Campagna's noons have bronzed his lonely face,  
Forgotten gods are templed in his breast,



## A PASTORAL PIPE

The joys and sorrows of an ancient race  
Are musical in him. But now, possess  
With mænad's glee, his pipe to the young day  
Flings a wild rustic dance, in challenge bright  
Reiterated, varied with bold skill,  
As he would summon to the Autumnal rite  
The old vintage revellers—phantoms, footing gay  
Their Bacchic measure on a vine-clad hill.

O sweet miraculous grace of homely things  
To stir the pulses of a joy so deep !  
This peasant's pipe sounds, and life's hidden  
springs  
Leap up and sing in me. I sailed in sleep  
Toward a strange land of legend, yet unknown.  
Rome was a name ; but I awake made free  
Of all her sibylline realm—she bids me hail.

### A PASTORAL PIPE

Priestess of all dead gods, I come to thee,  
Thy child, whom thou dost now claim for thine  
    own,  
    To worship them, ghosts of thy kingdom  
    pale !

## Tchaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathétique."

*Inscribed to Henry J. Wood.*

THE Spirit of our dead Century, sick of dreams,  
Of hopes forlorn, vain victories, weariness,  
Sings, wails, defies life's horror here, it seems,  
As its dead moods like spectres round it press.

Like a lost child through night's cold gloom it  
cries,  
A Titan child that weeps, and weeping sings,  
Weaving from desolate woe sad lullabies  
To its wild fear of grim night-wandering things.

**"SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE"**

**Master of Sorrow and the bleeding Heart**

**Where Love, the Phoenix, kindling his own  
pyre,**

**That he may rise reborn and soaring start**

**On his new voyage, dies in vain desire !**

**Breathes not thy orchestra some ominous breath**

**Of sandal-wood, sweet gums, or spices rare,**

**Wherein the Arabian Bird, waiting for death,**

**Embalms his lonely triumph, ere Death be there?**

**Through these brief-gleaming changes of sad  
sound**

**Dark visions rise. Ah ! Titan child, we know**

**That world where strayed thy feet : we too  
have found**

**Those happy woods, those flowers—how long  
ago !**

“ SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE ”

We know those green glades where the sun of  
June

Shone through the whispering leaves, the  
reveries

Of youth, the splendour of Love's mystic moon,  
Life's young desires that seemed her prophecies.

We know how she sang like a sorceress

Under the hovering threat of austere heaven ;

We know the secrets of that wilderness

Where we blasphemed, bearing sins unforgiven.

We too have seen that sunset red as blood,

Felt that pale twilight fall with poisonous dew,

Dwelt with despair, outlawed from all things  
good,

Crazed by the mockery of his phantom crew ;

## “SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE”

Have faced the swoop of that fierce night of storm,  
The scornful thunders, and the scourging hail,  
When God's frown changed the world, and  
things deform  
Rode on the winds, grey demons of the gale.

We too have marched, like thee, to that stern  
tune,  
Undaunted, though we heard remorselessly,  
Relentlessly, while dark were sun and moon,  
Those drums marking the tread of Destiny.

Sad Titan, what Caucasian summit bleak  
Waits each rash bringer of new fire to men?  
Lone Phoenix, on what ne'er-ascended peak,  
From what red pyre shalt thou be born  
again?

**"SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE"**

**None answers. Only darkness gathers round,  
The pulse of music falters. Dumbly there  
Death beckons. Patiently the soul of sound  
Sinks beyond passion, dies beyond despair.**

## Dvořák's "Dumky" Trio.

*Inscribed to Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Mus. Doc.*

WHAT have your moods to say to me,  
Coy melodies of many a mood,  
Changing measure, changing key,  
Brief lilts of music that elude  
Capture, so wilfully ?

Old joys and sorrows living on  
In memories of the peasant's heart  
Into these wild strains have gone ;  
And like the birds, with natural art,  
Woodcutters in forests old,



## DVOŘÁK'S "DUMKY" TRIO

Shepherd lads on lonely hills,  
And maids amilking have consoled  
With such grave notes and plaintive trills  
Their homely sorrows, else untold.

How gaunt and strange, grotesque, yet beautiful,  
These folk-tunes of a brooding race,  
Wild flowers of fancy one might cull  
From dwellers in some lone untravelled place,  
Where the old world lives through long slow-  
moving days,  
Keeping its old-world ways,  
These themes a Craftsman rude has bound  
In one fantastic rhapsody of sound !

O tell me what forgotten tale,  
What village tale of tragic sorrow,  
Breathes in the strings' reiterated wail,

DVOŘÁK'S "DUMKY" TRIO

Dying slow in long-drawn sighs,  
As the wind's gusty lamentation dies—  
Outwearied with lone sorrow dies !

Tell me why, skipping suddenly in,  
With change abrupt, that freaksome strain,  
With its mirth remote and thin  
Has now possess the violin ?  
The notes flit lightly by, as though  
Airy elves untouched by pain,  
Heartless things that ne'er could know  
Mortal joy or mortal woe,  
Bent upon their impish pleasure,  
Came tripping here their alien measure :  
And then that dolorous wail is heard again.

Is it a dirge some poor soul sings,  
Left by a grave alone,

DVOŘÁK'S "DUMKY" TRIO

While in a funeral march, with muted strings  
Viol and violin moan ?

Scarce has that requiem sobbed out its last  
sigh

Ere village youths and maids come dancing by,

Now fast, now slow, pausing, delaying

At their will, like folk amaying,

Until, as fast and faster feet are flying,

The insistent march comes back, more dolorously  
sighing ;

And whirled along as in a storm

The themes, like birds with songs changing  
their form

To suit the season's weather,

Now clamour all together,

Now cry alternately alone,

As joy and grief make antiphone.

DVOŘÁK'S "DUMKY" TRIO

And still, as fleeting visions pass  
    Within a wizard's glass,  
Ever the fitful music sweeps  
    From grave to gay, from gay to grave,  
Now tenderly complains, now seems to rave  
    In reckless joy, and now to sound the deeps  
    Of love's voluptuous melancholy ;  
And, as the lover plays with his own folly,  
    Toys with each tune, till grief smiles and  
    joy weeps ;  
Then, like a wild thing roused from brief  
    repose,  
    It leaps to a sudden close.  
And all the Craftsman's uncouth art has bound  
In one fantastic rhapsody of many-coloured sound.

Beethoven's "Sonata  
Appassionata."

*Inscribed to the Memory of Anton Rubinstein.*

I.

THROUGH night's vast voiceless gloom a Sibyl cries  
To man's heart some apocalyptic word,  
Which falters on her tongue; then wailing flies  
Like an affrighted bird.

Again she vainly strives; then desolate  
With faltering voice flies wailing through the  
gloom,  
While from the abyss of night reverberate  
Menacing notes of doom.

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

Yet back she comes once more ; but not alone,  
For from the secret mountain solitude  
Where thought's rebellious thunders have their  
home  
She calls the Titan brood.

From earth to heaven they shout her prophecy,  
While the fates laugh. Then all things  
listen mute :  
With eager iterance flutter to the sky  
Notes from a preluding flute.

Then from the awakened heart, on valorous  
wing,  
A theme ardent as youth leaps joyously;  
But in bold flight falls, as a wounded thing  
Into a raging sea.

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

A Swan, a Royal Bark, it fights the waves  
Of sudden storm. Wild voices throng the gale,  
As in the rent clouds, while the vexed sea raves,  
Contending spirits wail.

Voices of comfort, menace, or despair,  
Answering the baffled theme, the Sibyl's cry,  
Make, as they rise from ocean, earth, and air,  
Tempestuous harmony.

O Swan ! O Sibyl ! with what remorseless foes,  
Fate and Life's mocking winds, do ye contend,  
And the unfathomed sea whose waves are woes,  
With what far God for friend ?

Fiercer the fight grows, louder shrieks the blast,  
Long gusts of tempest, buffeting the Bark,

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

Drown the sad Sibyl's cry, and Hope aghast  
Waits for the end. But hark !

Unvanquished still that jubilant song is heard,  
Triumphing o'er the furious waves—once more  
Fitfully sounds the Sibyl's cryptic word,  
Clear through the tempest's roar.

In vain ! The Swan-song strives with wearier  
note,  
The unwearied waves bay like the hounds of  
doom,  
The staggering Ship, o'erwhelmed, scarce keeps  
afloat,  
Foundering in the gloom.

The old fight is fought, the tragic hour is past,  
Sung is the saga of him who fate defies,



BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

Magnificently strives, and foiled at last,  
Magnificently dies.

O dauntless theme, O Swan, O Royal Ship,  
O passion of our hearts ! what comes to thee  
In that last agony in the tempest's grip—  
Defeat, or victory ?

II.

Three chords, and all the world is listening,  
Three chords, the hoary prophets of the key,  
Their stern and solemn chant begin to sing,  
Our hearts march to its tune, defying destiny.  
Is it a dirge for some young hero dead,  
Or a great hymn, hailing a god reborn  
In a vexed age with doubts disquieted,  
The dawn-song of a faith's new resurrection  
morn ?

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

With the firm tread of a scarred veteran host  
Retired from a disastrous field, but soon  
Rallying to regain the vantage lost,  
It marches calmly on—all hearts march to its  
tune.

It is the martyr's hymn of seers who lead  
The world's Hope Forlorn : the resolute ecstasy  
Of men who trust the faith for which they bleed  
Burns in it as it breathes grave challenge to  
the sky.

With slow majestic pace, as when the sun,  
Gone down in tempest, through the eastern gate  
Unhurrying, tarrying not, his way has won,  
And fills all heaven with light, it marches  
calm as fate.

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

Then faster throbs the music's pulse ; the tramp  
Of the thin squadron falls with eagerer beat  
As though, descried afar, the hostile camp  
With a quick thought of onset fired the  
marching feet.

And now young spirits of joy ensky the theme  
In jubilant divisions as they sing,  
Their pinions flaming in the dawn's first gleam :  
News of a hope new-born to earth from  
heaven they bring.

Music, the day's bright voice, makes earth and air  
Palpitate in the divine invincible glee  
Of the glad choir's evangel, and despair  
Crouches, a spectre dumb in that vast  
symphony,

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

And ever more intense the sun's delight

Flames in the rapture of each golden tone,  
Till the blithe spirits vanish in lingering flight,  
And the stern martyr's hymn is heard on  
earth alone.

A judgment trumpet for the souls of men

It seems, as now the solemn chords outring,  
Ere seeking a full close, it sinks : and then  
Discords, like sudden clash of swords  
encountering !

III.

And now, without a pause, inevitably

We are swept onward, breathless, borne afar  
By the swift-rushing steeds of phantasy  
To what strange land, vexed by what ghostly  
war ?

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

New tempest swoops over the desolate waste,  
Blurred by the twilight, trampled by the storm ;  
Gust follows gust with fierce relentless haste,  
And all familiar things have changed their form.

Like a lithe wrestler, on the groaning earth  
The insistent gale hurls all his tyrannous  
weight,  
The new-born stars are smothered in their birth,  
The wind's will overbears our souls like fate.

And through the gloom a voice comes fitfully,  
In tones of anguish the rude gusts o'ercrow,  
As of one worn with long calamity,  
Pursued by some inexorable woe.

A hero's heart might break in that lone cry,  
Too weak to rally his lost comrades—dead,

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA"

Or scattered like the leaves compelled to fly  
Before the conquering blasts discomfited.

In a stern mood this epic scroll was penned,  
The voice faints like a warrior's dying moan ;  
The tragic tale speeds swiftly to its end,  
The exulting storm raves o'er the waste alone.

\* \* \*

From what imperious fire, aching within,  
Outleaped this glowing lava of the heart ?  
By what long penance did this wizard win  
From the witch Life the secret of her art ?

Or did he boldly storm her palace gate,  
And woo from her own hand her wand of power  
Whereon the lightning's fiery shuttles wait,  
Weaving a universe to mould a flower ?

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA APPASSIONATA "

Ask, while the mighty music surges by,  
Borne on the tempest's wing ; from passion's  
deep  
Summoning great visions to the inward eye,  
And quickening thoughts that rouse the soul  
from sleep.

---

PRINTED BY R. FOLKARD AND SON,  
22, DEVONSHIRE STREET, QUEEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

No. 10 THE CHANGING OF THE HEAVEN'S BOW  
No. 11 VERBA VOLUNTARIALLY MURDERED  
By H. L. WATSON

No. 12 SALVAGE BY TOWN MURDER

No. 13 THE LAST LITIGATION OF THE  
BY H. L. WATSON

No. 14 THE CHANGING OF THE HEAVEN'S BOW  
By H. L. WATSON

No. 15 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 16 THE TALKING OF THE LAW AND THE  
ADJUDICATION OF THE STATE. By H. L. WATSON  
No. 17 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 18 ADJUDICATION OF TASTE IN ART. By H. L. WATSON  
Hyacinth Scholze of Dallas College, Texas

No. 19 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 20 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 21 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 22 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 23 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON

No. 24 THE LAD OF THE SCARLET HOODS AND  
OTHER VERBS. By H. L. WATSON





